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POEMS
ON
Several Occafions.

[Price Two Shillings.]

58

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Several Occasions.

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POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

By JOHN GLEN KING, B. A.
Of *Gonville* and *Caius College*, CAMBRIDGE.

——— *Nugis addere pondus.*
HOR.

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AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA.

AN ELEGY

ON THE

Death of his ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERIC late Prince of *Wales*.

RECLIN'D beneath a willow's lonely ſhade,
AUGUSTA mourn'd her royal conſort dead.
The ſetting Sun had ting'd the weſtern floods;
The warbling ſongſters ceas'd to glad the woods;

Save where ſweet Philomel, from ſpray to
ſpray,
To her reſponſive pour'd the penſive lay;
The languid ſtars deny'd a trembling light,
Nor bluſhing Cynthia chear'd the gloom of
night.
Her wretched comfort was t'indulge her woes,
The laſt, ſad refuge that misfortune knows.
Whilſt at her feet a murm'ring eddy glides,
Her frequent tears increaſe the wat'ry tides;
Th' ecchoing rocks to her complaints reply,
And winds condoling render ſigh for ſigh.
With ſorrow-ſhining eyes, all pale and wan,
She thus her grief-inſpired ſong began.

" From morn 'till eve, from eve 'till riſing
" morn,
" All ſadly-ſighing, penſive, and forlorn,

" No

" No hopes by day I find, by night no reſt,
" What means this tempeſt in my throbbing
" breaſt?
" Strange force of love by which my boſom's
" toſt,
" Each other care in thoſe ſoft tumults loſt!
" Ah! luckleſs fate, for ever will I moan,
" The dear companion of my life is gone.
" Each joy was heighten'd, and each baleful
" grief
" With him divided, brought its own relief.
" How ſhall I now ſuſtain his timeleſs fate,
" Or where the fulneſs of my woes relate?
" To whom reveal the ſecrets of my heart,
" Diſcharge my ſorrows, or my joys impart?
" Could not, alaſs! his matchleſs virtues
" ſave,
" Or piety recal him from the grave?

" Muſt he no more caſt back one longing view,
" Or fondly bleſs me with a laſt adieu?
" Adieu! dear partner of my joys! my fame,
" And joys and pleaſures now have loſt their
" name.
" Around thy ſacred urn, with plaintive
ſighs
" Thy Albion's loſs each patriot breaſt ſup-
plies;
" A nation's tears bedew thy dreary ſhrine,
" A nation's tears are far, far leſs than mine.

" Thoſe ſcenes where oft with him I did
" reſort,
" The groves thick-bow'ring, or the ſplendid
" court,
" Are now bereft of every pleaſing grace,
" And ſullen ſorrow low'rs in ev'ry face.

" How

" How grateful once were Cliefden's noon-
" day ſhades,
" Its ev'ning breezes, and its op'ning glades!
" There we unmindful of the time have
" ſtray'd,
" Whilſt by our Side our blooming offspring
" play'd!
" How gay the looks of ev'ry blithſom ſwain,
" When love and FRED'RIC rul'd the happy
" plain!
" How ſweet the flow'rs that deck'd the ſmil-
" ing mead,
" Where ſpring freſh-op'ning all its fragrance
" ſhed!
" His much-lov'd form theſe rural ſcenes re-
" ſtore,
" The flow'ry meadows now delight no
" more;

" No

" No more with joy I view the blithſom
" ſwain,
" And wood-girt Cliefden ſeems a deſart
" plain.

" Whilſt weeping round his hapleſs or-
" phans mourn,
" And wond'ring aſk me for their ſire's return,
" The winning mildneſs and majeſtic grace,
" Their father's likeneſs living in each face,
" With doubled griefs oppreſs my weary'd
" breaſt:
" The ſad remembrance that I once was bleſt.
" Who now ſhall guard their innocence and
" youth,
" Their ſpotleſs honour, and untainted truth;
" In virtue's paths their gen'rous ſouls direct,
" To glory form them, and from harm
" protect?

" Some-

" Sometimes, my ſenſes by ſoft ſleep poſſeſt,
" A pleaſing viſion ſooths my troubled breaſt:
" His lov'd idea to theſe longing eyes
" My fancy gives, tho' cruel fate denies;
" I ſtrive to ſtay him, claſp the vacant place,
" The dear deluſion flies my fond embrace:
" The kind deceitful dream my limbs fore-
" goes,
" From fancy'd bliſs I wake to real woes.

" Perhaps e'en now from yon' celeſtial
" plains,
" Where peace and harmony for ever reigns,
" He views my griefs with ſympathizing love,
" If any care can reach the realms above!
" Oh, not unmindful of thy plighted vow,
" Be thou my genius, and my guide be
" thou;

" Let

" Let ſad AUGUSTA claim thy guardian care,
" Avert thoſe evils thou waſt wont to ſhare;
" Thro' life's perplexing maze direct my
" heart,
" 'Till bliſs ſhall join us —— never more to
" part!

AN

EPISTLE

TO

W— W—, Esq; at G——.

Dear Sir!

FROM S——'s retreat, I send
My kindest wishes to my kindest friend;
With changing pleasures whilst you cheat the day,
Accept the grateful, tho' the worthless lay.
'Midst G——'s shades perhaps at earliest dawn,
With chearful hounds you glad the rising morn;

When puſs upſtarts you ſcour along the plain,
Vain is her ſwiftneſs, and her arts are vain;
Thro' ev'ry doubling maze the hounds purſue,
And ſcent her footſteps in the pearly dew:
(No genii now their kind protection lend,
She calls, and calls in vain to ev'ry friend;)
'Till fainting, ſtagg'ring, ſhe reſigns her breath,
Her ſad aſſylum in the jaws of death!

Thus man, whilſt baſking in the ſmiles of fate,
His friends, like Perſians, court his riſing ſtate;
But, ah! how chang'd with fortune's changing pow'r,
They fly the idol they ador'd before;
When cares beſiege and deſp'rate ills ſurround,
His only comfort in the grave is found.

Or

Or where the well-taught ſpaniels conſcious
ſtray
Thro' the thick woods, and ſpring the heed-
leſs prey,
The flutt'ring pheaſant riſes cloſe in view,
(His gaudy plumes reflect a golden hue)
And cock-cock-cock he utters as he flies,
And cock-cock-cock repeating, falls, and dies.

Perhaps, converſing with a joyous friend,
In harmleſs mirth the winter night you ſpend;
Or in ſweet ſolitude to books inclin'd,
You thence with virtue grace your gen'rous
mind:
O'er Grecian wit, and Roman learning pore,
And all the beauties of their page explore;
See battles fought, ill-fated numbers ſlain,
For whoſe dear lives ſo many pray'rs were vain.

Or if you read Telemachus diſtreſt,
And the ſoft tumults of Calypſo's breaſt,
Thy gentle heart feels all her hapleſs grief,
Tho' melting pity yields her no relief.

To me how lifeleſs lags the tedious day,
Which in thy converſe ſteals too faſt away!
* From ſhore to ſhore, from clime to clime we roam,
And learn each foreign cuſtom tho' at home;
Secure from dangers and devouring Seas,
Catch all the odours of th' Arabian breeze;
Secure we travel where Charybdis raves,
And ſcorn the menaces of Scylla's waves;
Or trace our ANSON thro' th' unfurrow'd main,
'Till ſafe at port we welcome him again.

What

* Alluding to our reading geography together at college.

What noble thoughts inſpire thy honeſt mind,
Tho' learn'd yet humble, tho' deſir'd yet kind;
Prudent tho' free, tho' complaiſant ſincere,
Gay but not weak, or grave but not ſevere!
Oh! may the nymph, whoſe beauty fires thy breaſt,
And ſweetly-blooming robs thee of thy reſt,
With eaſy fondneſs meet thy longing eyes,
Becalm thy woes, and heighten all thy joys;
May Heav'n her ſoul with mutual flames inſpire,
Touch with thy warmth, and kindle with thy fire.
May'ſt thou account her thy own better part,
And ſhe eſteem thee neareſt to her heart;
Thro' all the various ſcenes of life attend,
A kind companion, and a faithful friend.

May a long race adorn your happy love,
The ſacred pledge of bleſſings from above;
Thus ſhall you live, belov'd by all, not fear'd,
Admir'd in youth, in hoary age rever'd:
If greater good, that greater good to you
I wiſh, dear W——, deareſt friend, adieu!

A TALE.

A

TALE.

AS Simon was muſing one day on his fate,
And found himſelf happy and bleſt with his ſtate,
Since here ſo much pleaſure and eaſe he enjoy'd,
He fear'd he muſt needs go to hell when he dy'd;
For this was his maxim (pray, hold in your laughter)
That none cou'd be happy both here and hereafter.

He

He wiſely reſolv'd then to get him a wife,
Who might be the torment and plague of his life,
To ſcold or to fight without check or controul,
And his body chaſtiſe for the good of his ſoul.

Thus having deſign'd, he to Billingſgate goes,
From out of the fouleſt, the fouleſt he choſe;
As ſix of thoſe Naïds were uſing their tongues,
This nymph with moſt vigour exerted her lungs.
But when ſhe was waſh'd and his bride did appear,
And dreſs'd herſelf neat, ſhe look'd ſmartiſh and fair;
So well this confirms what of old was averr'd,
'Tis only fine feathers that make the fine bird.

Ah!

Ah! what was poor Simon's amazement to find,
Inſtead of a ſcold, one ſo gentle and kind,
That his joys ſhe improv'd, and had brought him relief,
Had he known other ſorrow, but wanting of grief?
One day he was ſighing and let fall a Tear,
She obſerv'd it, and ſaid, why uneaſy, my dear?
He told her that ſhe was the cauſe of his woe,
For he marry'd her only to plague him below,
That his days were ſo happy, ſhe us'd him ſo well,
He fear'd that hereafter he muſt go to hell.
Go to hell then, ſhe cry'd, and a great oath ſhe ſwore,
No man by his wife was e'er ſent ſo before;
Or be curſt with your bliſs, and then we are even,
I'll ne'er be your pack-horſe to bear you to Heaven.

A N

ELEGY

ON THE

Death of a YOUNG LADY.

CORINNA's dead! — winds, catch the doleful ſound,
Ye echoing rocks, proclaim it all around;
Ye purling ſtreams, repeat it as ye flow,
In ſadly-pleaſing murmurs tell my woe.

As in the field the tender flow'r appears,
Its op'ning beauties to the morning rears,
'Ere noon 'tis pluck'd, its honours fade away,
Its vivid tints, and all its ſweets decay:
So fell CORINNA, in her faireſt bloom,
An early victim to the dreary tomb.

Cou'd

Cou'd not our vows prolong thy ſtay, bright
maid,
Cou'd not our arts, and Æſculapian aid!
Yet, ah, what wonder baffled phyſic fail'd,
Since nought thy virgin innocence avail'd,
Since thy own virtue, nor thy wit cou'd ſave
Thy blooming beauty from th' untimely grave?
Thy lovely form no more muſt bleſs our view,
Adieu! dear maid, accept this laſt adieu!
Mourn, mourn, ye ſwains, my hapleſs loſs
deplore,
CORINNA ſleeps, alas! to wake no more!

In vain the ſun now gilds the flow'ry plain,
And ſmiling flow'rs ſalute the ſun in vain;
Ye groves once-lov'd, ye meads that chear'd
the ſight,
CORINNA's gone, and you no more delight;

Thou moon, ye ſtars, be darken'd in the ſkies,
Dark as the faded luſtre of her eyes;
And thou, ſad Philomel, thy ſong forbear,
Thy ſong no more can ſooth CORINNA's ear.
O, yet behold thy weeping friends, bright ſhade,
Behold the tributes to thy mem'ry paid.
Each eye the ſympathizing tear ſhall lend,
Each woe-ſtruck heart with ſighs lament thy end:
But chiefly * He whom nature's tender tye,
Engag'd a father's fondneſs to ſupply.
Perhaps he oft (as fancy was his guide)
Beheld thee blooming by thy lover's ſide;
With tranſport ſaw a beauteous offspring grace
Your happy loves, then kiſs'd the promis'd race.
But, ah, too ſoon that pleaſing ſcene was o'er,
No more that joy, that tranſport is no more:
To promis'd bliſs now doubled griefs ſucceed,
And change the bridal, for the fun'ral, bed.

Now

* The Lady's Uncle.

Now muſt he learn this truth from thy laſt
breath,
All that is certain in this life—is death.
Mourn, mourn, ye ſwains, my hapleſs loſs
deplore,
CORINNA ſleeps, alas! to wake no more!

But tho' ſhe's gone, ſtill ſacred be her name,
And future poets ſhall record her fame;
And future poets ſhall her fate bemoan,
And plaintive lays inſcribe upon her ſtone.
There o'er her grave let weeping Loves appear;
In ſilent ſorrow drop the tender tear;
Whilſt on her emblem-ſculptur'd urn we trace,
The mimic features of her mind and face;
Here bounteous Charity with open'd hand,
Her ſucking babes around her ſmiling ſtand;
There baſhful Modeſty the bluſh reveals,
Her decent ſhape a flow'ry wreath conceals;

With

With looks erect here unclad bright-ey'd Truth,
And there the Graces in the bloom of youth;
Let ſhepherds mourn beneath a diſtant ſhade,
Their flocks neglected wand'ring o'er the glade.
Theſe heav'n-born virtues, and her heart reſign'd
Shall in each breaſt a ſweet memorial find;
When the laſt ſhock her tender boſom tore,
Much was her anguiſh, but our ſorrow more:
The chearing conſcience of a well-ſpent life,
Becalm'd her ſoul amidſt the dreadful ſtrife;
Elſe cou'd ſhe yield unmov'd her vital breath,
And ſmile triumphant in the pangs of death?
Oh! cou'd I trace her to yon diſtant ſkies,
Thoſe realms of bliſs, and as ſhe riſes riſe;
And there behold her in her glorious ſtate,
Good without ſhew, without ambition great!
Mourn, then, no more, forbear your plaintive
ſtrains,
CORINNA lives, CORINNA lives and reigns!

Occaſioned by ſeeing a Copy of Verſes,
* *To the Memory of Miſs* BLANDY.

IN mournful numbers, and pathetic ſtrains,
O'er Blandy's urn whilſt Atticus complains,
With winning rhetoric aſſerts her cauſe,
We judge her guiltleſs, and condemn the laws:
The ſtarting tear beſpeaks the grief we feel,
And ſighs unheeded from our boſom ſteal:
To ſuch a fate the glowing breaſt would fly,
And die well-pleas'd bemoan'd like her to die.

So when the actors, on the tragic ſtage,
With ſorrow ſoften, or with rancour rage,

* The world was much divided in its judgement on this unfortunate perſon; the ingenious gentleman, to whoſe verſes theſe allude, was of the favourable opinion for her, and, under that perſuaſion, wrote a moſt elegant and beautiful Eulogy on injur'd innocence.

Th'impaſſion'd

Th'impaſſion'd heart and melting eye beſtow
A real pity to a mimick'd woe.

Pardon, ſweet bard, the muſe, whoſe daring lays
Would ſtrive to blame you, but is forc'd to praiſe.
The magic pow'r which charms in verſe like thine,
Might clear a Tullia or a Cataline:
But, ah! why ſhould the trump of honeſt fame,
Which e'er was ſacred to fair virtue's name,
Why ſhould the tribute of the good and brave
Be pour'd profuſely o'er a murd'reſs' grave?
No; from the good, the brave and virtuous chuſe
A theme more worthy of thy poliſh'd muſe:
Then ſhall ſuch verſe well ſuit the heroe's praiſe,
And ſuch a heroe well deſerve thy lays.

BLUE-EY'D POLLY.

TELL me no more of Fanny's air;
Nor wit of ſprightly Dolly,
Nor Peggy's beauty can compare,
With blooming blue-ey'd Polly.

When here, the birds melodious ſing,
The lambs are gay and jolly;
But what's the pleaſures of the ſpring
Without my blue-ey'd Polly?

Ah! ſee the drooping roſes fade,
And, deck'd in green, the holly
Forſaken mourns my abſent maid,
My ſmiling blue-ey'd Polly.

Then who'd be great, or who'd be wiſe,
If madneſs 'tis or folly,
To trace, with fondly-wiſhing eyes,
The charms of blue-ey'd Polly?

A SONG.

A SONG.

YOUNG STREPHON once along the plain,
Was fam'd for many an idle ſtrain,
By many a maid admir'd;
To guard his heart he well knew how,
A kiſs to this, to that a bow,
No flame his breaſt inſpir'd.

But when he ſaw PASTORA's charms,
His boſom felt love's ſoft alarms,
He fell in beauty's ſnare;
His heart the ſurer to betray,
She ſeem'd his paſſion to repay,
Then plung'd him in deſpair.

Thus round the viſcous honey'd bait,
Prepar'd to lure him to his fate,
The heedleſs inſect flies;
With joy the treach'rous ſpoil ſurveys,
Eager the tempting ſweets to ſeize,
'Midſt all its ſweets he dies.

To DELIA.

With a Pocket-Looking-Glaſs.

HERE ſee, my Fair, th'attractive grace,
The love-inſpiring charms,
The beaming beauties of thy face,
Which ev'ry boſom warms:

Thoſe eyes which dart more radiant rays,
Than morning ſuns diſcloſe;
That bluſh, thy blooming cheek diſplays,
Which far out-ſhines the roſe:

That breaſt which ſhames in white the ſnow,
More lucid to behold;
Ah! let it not, my Delia, too,
Exceed the ice in cold.

Whilſt only you unmov'd can ſee
These charms, and not admire,
'Tis that the more enamours me,
Nor blame my tender fire.

A form, like thine, ne'er pencil drew,
It foils the painter's art;
This in the mirrour you muſt view,
Or imag'd in my heart.

To DELIA.

BID the fountains ceaſe to flow,
Bid me dry my ſtreaming eyes;
Bid the zephyrs ceaſe to blow,
Then forbid my plaintive ſighs.

Bid the ſun no longer warm,
Cloudleſs in his ſummer tour,
Shining, then, with ev'ry charm,
Bid my heart not feel thy pow'r.

Bid the mother leave her young,
Little fondlings of her care,
Bid the lark neglect his ſong,
Bid me, then, forget my fair.

ODE on TIME.

Occaſioned by the Preſent of a Watch.

LET ſacred reaſon teach the mind
With prudence to employ
The hours, which ſwifter than the wind,
On ſilent pinions fly.
No trumpet's ſound proclaim it gone;
E'en whilſt we ſpeak the moment's flown
Too precious to be ſold;
Tho' miſer's cares e'en fools deſpiſe,
The thrift of time is far more wiſe
Than ſordid love of gold.

All

All muſt ſoon ſubmit to time,
The ſkies, the ſeas and land;
Nor hoary age, nor youthful prime
Can ſtay his conqu'ring hand.
The watch, ſtill conſtant to its rule,
Beneath the cryſtal glaſs
Marks the minutes as they paſs;
And ſilent calls its maſter fool;
But ceaſe thy boaſts, inſulting toy,
Time ere long ſhall thee deſtroy.

THE GENERAL LOVER.

HAD ever ſwain a heart like mine,
Addicted ſo to ranging?
Tho' while I fix I'm always fond,
I find I ſoon am changing;
As roving ſtill on buzzing wings,
The bee from ſweet to ſweet:
Each nymph I ſee is lovelieſt now,
The next more lovely yet.

Yes, all have ſomething to attract,
Or beauty, wit, or air,
The brown I like becauſe ſhe's brown,
The fair becauſe ſhe's fair.

Let

Let not on me, dear girls, for this,
Your heavieſt cenſure fall,
No crime is mine, if love's no crime,
And that a love to all.

Une CHANSON.

QUE les momens me ſemblent longs,
Et que j'en trouve peu de bons,
Quand je les paſſe en vôtre abſence ;
Mais quelques longs que ſoient les jours,
Helas ! que je les trove courts,
Belle Iris en vôtre preſence.

Voyez à quoy je ſuis reduit,
Auprès de vous je crains la nuit,
Qui me ſepare de vos charmes ;
Et quand je ſuis loin de vous yeux,
Ah ! je ne demande pas mieux,
Que la nuit pour cacher mes l'armes.

A SONG.

From the French.

IN CELIA's abſence while I live,
How little joy the moments give,
How ſlow they ſeem to fly!
But long as now the tedious day,
Ah! too, too faſt it glides away,
When lovely CELIA's by.

Behold my luckleſs, wretched plight,
When with you how I dread the night
Shou'd you from me divide;
And when I'm abſent from your eyes,
Alaſs! 'tis only night I prize,
My falling tears to hide.

ΠΤΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ:

OR, A

BATTLE

Between the

PYGMIES and the CRANES.

Tranſlated from the Latin of

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Eſq;

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ:
SIVE
PRÆLIUM
INTER
Pygmæos & Grues commiſſum.

PENNATAS acies & lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, muſa, cohortes
Inſtrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia roſtra,
Offenſoſque Grues, indignanteſque puſillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.

Heroum

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ:

OR, A

BATTLE

Between the

PYGMIES and the CRANES.

A Pygmy war, where winged ranks engage
I ſing, and all its lamentable rage:
Muſe, plant the little cohorts in array,
Their beaks death-threat'ning, and their arms diſplay,
Th' offended Cranes that ſcorn the feeble hoſt,
And birds and men in wild confuſion loſt.

Heroum ingentes animos & triſtia bella
Pieridum labor exhauſit, verſuque ſonoro
Juſſit & eterna numerorum aſſurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graium juvenes, & torva tuentem
THESEA, quis pedibus velocem ignorat A-
CHILLEM?
Quem dura ÆNEÆ certamina, quem GULI-
ELMI
Geſta latent? fratres Thebani & flebile fatum
POMPEII quem non delaſſavêre legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tu-
barum
Carmine depingam ſonitum, nova caſtra ſecutus,
Exiguoſque canam pugiles, Gruibuſque malignos
Heroas, nigriſque ruentem è nubibus hoſtem.

Qua ſolis tepet ortu, primitiiſque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhoſpita ſaxa

(Per

The baleful ills of battles to rehearſe,
In ſounding numbers, and in laſting verſe,
The martial acts of heroes to emblaze,
Exhauſted themes, have tir'd the tuneful lays:
To whom are Grecia's choſen youths unknown,
ACHILLES' ſwiftneſs, and ſtern THESEUS' frown?
To whom the good ÆNEAS' hapleſs toils,
And NASSAU's proweſs and unrival'd ſpoils?
The Theban brothers who's not tir'd to hear,
And POMPEY's fate that claims the falling tear?
I'll firſt in verſe deſcribe th' embattled trains,
New camps purſuing, and the trump's ſhrill ſtrains;
The little heroes who the Cranes withſtood,
And the foe ruſhing from a gloomy cloud.

Where riſing ſol darts forth his genial ray,
And India bluſhes with the dawn of day,

(Per placidam vallem, & paucis acceſſa vireta,)
Pygmæum quondam ſteterat, dum fata ſinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, & aſſiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc ſi quis dura evadat per ſaxa viator,
Deſertoſque lares, & valles oſſibus albas
Exiguis videt, & veſtigia parva ſtupeſcit.
Deſolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, & ſecuro crepitat Grus imprpba nido.
Non ſic, dum multos ſtetit inſuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, ſi quis cominus ales
Congredi, & immixtæ auderet ſe credere pugnæ,

'Midſt deſart rocks (along a vale's retreat,
And meads untrodden by the pilgrim's feet,)
Whilſt partial fate indulg'd the kindly good,
Of old the empire of the Pygmies ſtood.
Here various arts to ſweeten life they plann'd;
The fields grew fruitful by their toilſom hand.
If now a trav'ller thro' the rocks purſue
His way, deſerted manſions ſtrike his view;
He ſees the vallies with their bones all-white,
And their ſmall footſteps, wond'ring at the
ſight.
Now unreveng'd the winged conqu'reſs reigns
O'er the waſte realms, and pours her hideous
ſtrains.
Not ſo, whilſt yet the little race appears
In might, unrival'd thro' a length of years;
If then a bird in ſingle fight ſhould dare,
To tempt the dangers of the doubtful war,

A daunt-

Miles atrox aderat, ſumptiſque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam humeriſque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæſoque epulatur in hoſte.
Sæpe improviſas mactabat, ſæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulciſci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa conſtruxerat arte,
Aut uteri poſuiſſet onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu ſpirans immane minaci
Omnia vaſtaret miles, fœtuſque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hoſtis in ovo.

Hinc

A dauntleſs champion came in arms, whoſe blow
Along the ground extends the dying foe,
Thence on his ſhoulders he the prize conveys,
And on his lifeleſs adverſary preys.
Full many a time the heedleſs Cranes expire
By ſecret fraud, the victims of his ire,
Full many a time to ſpoil the neſt he fought,
And on the young revenge the parent's fault.
Oft as ſhe'd rear'd her houſe with artful pain,
Or from her womb depos'd the future Crane,
He waſted all with eyes ſtill threat'ning hate,
And ſlew the offspring ill-deſerving fate,
'Ere yet th'imperfect life its form did know,
'Ere yet the egg was ripen'd to a foe.

Hence

Hinc cauſæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies, letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commiſſæ ſtrâges, confuſaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam ſublimi carmine vates
Luſit, ubi totam ſtrepituque armiſque paludem
Miſcuit: hic (viſu miſerabile) corpora murum
Sparſa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibuſque abſciſſo poplite ternis
Reptat humi, ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert.

Jamque

Hence ſprung the ſeeds of wide-deſtructive jars,
Hence all the ills, the fatal ills of wars,
Hence birds and men were undiſtinguiſhed ſlain,
And death in various ſhapes poſſeſs'd the plain.
Not ſuch commotions, nor ſo dread a fight,
MÆONIUS ſings in all the tow'ring height
Of pompous numbers, when the bard alarms
And fills the bog with havock and with arms:
Transfix'd with ruſhes (grievous to ſurvey!)
Here mangled mice beſtrew the ſanguine way;
There mourns a frog in hoarſely-plaintive croaks,
Its knee diſſever'd by the griding ſtrokes,
With three legs lagging heav'ly on it creeps,
No more exulting with its wonted leaps.

Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pænituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro,
Strageſque immensas & vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictam meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas:
Tantus amor belli, & vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto

Aere

And now the day was come the Pygmies grieve
And mourn the offspring they refus'd to ſave,
And wiſh the eggs untouch'd. For thus oppreſt
The Crane's reſentment kindles in her breaſt;
And all that haunt or the Strymonian wave,
Or in the lake of Mareatis lave,
Or where Cayſter drowns the wat'ry mead,
At once were preſent, and the plains o'erſpread;
And SCYTHIA's moor enflam'd with wild alarms,
The bird deſcends from Iſter leagu'd in arms,
Conſpires ſtrange deaths and wounds againſt the foe,
Sharpens her claws, and meditates the blow,
Fits her keen beak, her wings for flight prepares;
The thirſt of vengeance ſuch, and love of wars.

Aere concuſſis exercitus obſtrepit ales,
Terræque immenſos tractus, ſemotaque longe
Æquora deſpiciunt, boreamque & nubila tra-
nent
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, & aſſiduus miſcet cœlum omne tu-
multus

Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella fa-
ceſſit
Impiger, inſtituitque agmen, firmatque pha-
langas,
Et furit arreptis animoſus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas compoſta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibuſque frequens, & marte inſtructa
perito

Jamque

Then when they'd reach'd their vig'rous youthful ſpring,
Aloft in air their tow'ring flight they wing,
Vaſt Tracts of land they ſpy and diſtant floods,
And glide unnumber'd on the winds and clouds:
With frequent gales the æther floats around,
And ceaſeleſs hubbubs all the heav'ns confound,

Nor leſs on earth the clamour and alarms,
Whilſt the ſmall man intrepid raves in arms,
Prepares the battle, marſhals out his trains,
And animates his legions on the plains:
Till in two wings the well-plann'd troops appear,
Drawn up in lines with all the ſkill of war.

Now

Jamque acies inter medias ſeſe arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majeſtate verendus
Inceſſuque gravis reliquos ſupereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque aſſurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aſpectu (hoſtilis nam inſculpſerat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque oſtentat honeſta
Roſtrorum ſigna, & crudos in pectore morſus.
Immortali odio, æterniſque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confiſus aduneis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus diſtrinxerat enſem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abſtulit hoſti!

Quot

Now midſt his ranks the Pygmy general
rear'd
His head aloft, for majeſty rever'd,
With ſtately march he tow'rs above them all
In ſize gigantic, full a half yard tall.
More ſtern to view (for on his face he bears,
By hoſtile claws inſcrib'd, unnumber'd ſcars,)
The noble marks adorn his honeſt mien,
And rankling bites are in his boſom ſeen.
He ſtill, with rage and hatred unſubdu'd
By length of time, the feather'd race purſu'd;
Nor e'er at him unpuniſh'd ſtoops the Crane,
Whilſt to her beak or claws ſhe truſts in vain.
How oft deſtructive to th' aërial crew,
With dire revenge the fatal ſword he drew,
Chopp'd off their wings amidſt th' unequal
Fight,
Nor left the foe a refuge e'en in flight!

What

Quot fecit ſtrages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit ſtrymona fletu!

Jamque procul ſonus auditur, piccamque volantum
Proſpectant nubem bellumque hoſteſque ferentem.
Crebeſcit tandem, atque oculis ſe plurimus offert
Ordinibus ſtructus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motiſque eventilat aëra pennis.

Turba polum replet, ſpecieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, & denſa in nubibus hæret:

Nunc

What deaths he'as made! what ſlaughters has
he vow'd,
And doom'd, unfeather'd, the defenceleſs brood!
How oft, alas! did STRYMON's waves o'erflow
With tears, and rocks re-eccho to their woe!

And now they hear a diſtant ſound, and
ſpy
A gloomy cloud that blackens all the ſky,
At length approaching, to their wond'ring
eyes
A num'rous army of the birds ariſe,
Drawn up in various lines prepar'd for war,
Their quiv'ring pinions fan the yielding air.

The concourſe throngs the pole, and ſtrange
in form
The Pygmies ſhade, and thick in air they ſwarm;

Nunc denſa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris,
Belli ardent ſtudio Pygmæi & lumine ſævo
Suſpiciunt hoſtem; nec longum tempus, & ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico ſeſe ſuper agmina lapſu
Præcipitat gravis, & bellum ſperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulſæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defeſſa iterum levibus ſeſe eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras,
Armorum pendet fortuna; hic fixa volucris
Cuſpide, ſanguineo ſeſe furibunda rotatu

Torquet

Thick now, but, ah! what numbers ſhall no more,
With joyful looks review their native ſhore?
With thirſt of war the Pygmies boſoms glow,
And with malignant eye they view the foe;
Nor long, and o'er their troops collected all
The hoſts of Cranes, at one tremendous fall,
Ruſh headlong down upon th' embattled train,
Who wiſh'd for fight, nor did they wiſh in vain:
A ſudden crack convuls'd the trembling ſky;
And ſcatter'd plumes aloft in æther fly.
Now on ſwift wings the weary'd bird retreats,
Her ſtrength recruited now the war ſhe meets,
The chance of arms uncertain hangs; whilſt here
A furious Crane deep-wounded with a ſpear,

Torquet agens circum, roſtrumque intendit in hoſtem
Imbelle, & curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic ſtillat lentus de vulnere ſanguis,
Singultuſque ciet crebros, pedibuſque pufillis
Tundit humum, & moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æſtuat omne ſolum ſtrepitu, tepidoque rubeſcit.
Sanguine, ſparguntur gladii, ſparguntur & alæ,
Ungueſque & digiti, commiſtaque roſtra lacertis.

In many a bloody circle whirls around,
And quiv'ring, flutt'ring, panting, flaps the ground;
Her feeble beak ſhe darts againſt the foe,
And e'en in death ſhe aims a uſeleſs blow.
Here from a Pygmy dripping blood diſtills,
And many a ſob his heaving boſom fills,
With his ſmall feet he madd'ning ſtamps the plain,
And dying curſes th' execrable pain.
All, all the field ferments with wild uproar,
And the ground bluſhes with the crimſon gore;
Swords here are ſcatter'd, and there wings are laid,
Claws, fingers, beaks and arms confus'dly ſpread.

Pygmeadum ſævit, mediiſque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fuſa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plaſu alarum, nec roſtri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum denſiſſima circum
Miſcetur pugna, & bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, ſubito appulſus (ſic dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens & formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem: & (triſte relatu)
Suſtulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat ſtrepitu globus undique denſus
Alituum; fruſtra Pygmæi lumine maſto

Regem

The Pygmy chief 'midſt thouſands ſwells
with pride,
Whom lifeleſs Cranes ſurround on ev'ry ſide,
O'er heaps of ſlain indignantly he goes,
And wings and beaks in vain his courſe op-
poſe.
He, he the adverſary's dread and fear,
On him is pour'd the thickeſt of the war,
Its fierceſt fury he ſuſtains alone,
And all the heat of battle reſts on one.
When ſoon approaching (ſo the gods decreed)
That nor his arms, nor courage ſhou'd ſuc-
ceed,
A huge great bird caught up the fighting chief,
And bore him to the clouds (a tale of grief)
The warrior hangs ſuſpended from his claws,
And Cranes on all ſides flock with loud ap-
plauſe;

In

Regem inter nubes lugent, ſolitoque minorem
Heroem aſpiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus eſcam.

Jamque recrudeſcit bellum, Grus deſuper urget
Pygmæum roſtro, atque hoſtem petit ardua morſu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is ſurſum bracchia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, & inanes ſævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum briarens, ſolioque tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; ſparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque ſcopulique: flagrantia tela deorſum

Torquentur

In vain with many a ſigh, and weeping eyes,
The Pygmies mourn'd their gen'ral in the ſkies,
And leſſ'ning thence the heroe's form ſurvey,
To Cranes triumphant, a defenceleſs prey.

And now the battle all its rage renews,
The Crane from high the vanquiſh'd foe purſues,
And at the Pygmy darts a greedy bite,
Then wings aloft her airy wanton flight;
His arms he toſſes up unus'd to pain,
And empty menaces he vents in vain.
Such was the face of war, ſo dread to view,
When bold BRIAREUS pond'rous PELION threw

Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.

Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina langueſcunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus cubitalis oberrat.
Instant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic

Againſt the ſkies, to ſhake the throne of JOVE,
And drive him headlong from the realms above;
In all the air are rocks and light'nings whirl'd,
And fiery darts the thund'rer downward hurl'd;
Whilſt half-burnt carcaſes of giants lye
Smoaking with ſulphur, and obſcure the ſky.

At length the Pygmy troops no more prevail'd,
Their ſtrength exhauſted, and their courage fail'd;
Part turn their backs, appall'd with trembling fear,
And part exalt their little voice in air,
And far and wide they rove: whilſt yet unkind
The victor birds ſtill urge them from behind,
And tear and pull, each tort'ring art employ,
Reſolv'd the hated nation to deſtroy.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas: ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus everſum eſt, & majus utroque Latinum.
Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,
Et veterum heroum miſcetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, ſi quid fidei mercatur anilis
Fabula, paſtores per noctis opaca puſillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore caſſos.
Dum ſecura Gruum, & veteres oblita labores

Lætitiæ

So fell the Pygmy empire from its ſeat,
Which long, long ages had maintain'd its ſtate,
So oft for wars atchiev'd extoll'd in vain,
So oft triumphant o'er the conquer'd Crane:
To ev'ry kingdom have the fates decreed
A bound, a period it can ne'er exceed:
So fell th' Aſſyrian monarchy before,
Its realms all-waſted, and its rule no more;
So was the Perſian levell'd with the ground,
And ſo the Latian more than both renown'd.
The little folk in ſhadowy bands now ſport,
And with the ghoſts of ancient chiefs reſort,
Along th' Elyſian vales: or, if we give
Some faith to ſtories which old wives believe,
The ſhepherds oft behold with wond'ring ſight
The ſhades of Pygmies in the gloom of night.
Whilſt of the Cranes ſecure, their former toils
Forgot, gay pleaſure ev'ry hour beguiles,

They

Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, virideſque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, & lemurum cognomine gaudet.

They

They lead the dance beneath pale CYNTHIA's
reign,
And in track'd circles lightly foot the plain;
By the green path their mazy rounds are ſhown,
And by the name of Fairies are they known.

A

PASTORAL.

In Imitation of

VIRGIL's ALEXIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is almoſt to be wiſhed that VIRGIL had never written this beautiful Eclogue; for of late it has injured his moral character, much more than it has contributed to his poetical reputation, which had been ſufficient without it: how far it is to be defended in this point, may be ſeen in *The Life of* VIRGIL, prefixed to Mr. DRYDEN's tranſlation of his works. It is by all, however, allowed to be fraught with the moſt tender and delicate ſentiments, and is juſtly admired as a maſter-piece of this kind of poetry: the deſign of theſe lines is to *modernize* this paſtoral, and therefore the author has changed ALEXIS for DELIA; and, in this view, he was obliged alſo to alter the names of ſeveral perſons, and to ſubſtitute other flowers inſtead of thoſe in VIRGIL, which, if at all known, at leaſt are not common enough now to be introduced into a modern poem of this ſort: becauſe of theſe, and a few other little variations, which the reader will eaſily obſerve, it is called *An Imitation*, tho' for the moſt part it is pretty cloſely *tranſlated*.

The

The ARGUMENT.

I. THE ſhepherd THYRSIS complains of the coyneſs of DELIA, and upbraids her for her cruelty.

II. He boaſts of his riches, his ſkill in muſic, and his beauty.

III. He invites her into the country, where he promiſes her the rural diverſions.

IV. He offers her preſents, flowers, fruits, *&c.* praiſes a country life, acknowledges his folly, and reſolves to return to the care of his buſineſs again.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

ECLOGA SECUNDA.

ALEXIS.

FORMOSUM paſtor CORYDON ardebat ALEXIM,
Delicias domini: nec, quid ſperaret, habebat.
Tantum inter denſas, umbroſa cacumina, fagos
Aſſidue veniebat: ibi hæc incondita ſolus
Montibus & ſylvis ſtudio jactabat inani.

O cru-

A

PASTORAL.

In Imitation of

VIRGIL's ALEXIS.

DELIA.

THE ſhepherd THYRSIS beauteous
DELIA lov'd,
But no complaints the cruel charmer mov'd;
His dear delight ſhe was, in vain was dear,
No ray of hope now gilds his black deſpair.
Oft he repair'd beneath the lonely ſhade,
A kind retreat, by ſpreading willows made:
There to the hills and groves he would rehearſe
His fruitleſs paſſion in this uncooth verſe.

O nymph

O crudelis ALEXI, nihil mea carmina curas;
Nil noſtri miſerere: mori me denique coges.
Nunc etiam pecudes umbras & frigora captant:
Nunc virides etiam occultant ſpineta lacertos:
THESTYLIS & rapido feſſis meſſoribus æſtu
Allia ſerpyllumque herbas contundit olentes.
At mecum raucis, tua dum veſtigia luſtro,
Sole ſub ardenti reſonant arbuſta cicadis.
Nonne fuit ſatius triſtes AMARYLLIDIS iras
Atque ſuperba pati faſtidia? nonne menalcan?

Quamvis

O nymph unkind, you nought regard my
ſtrains,
Nor drop one tear in pity to my pains;
To all my tender ſighs return no ſigh,
I grieve neglected, and unheard muſt die.
The cooling ſhades refreſh my panting ſheep,
And the green lizards in the thickets ſleep:
And THESTYLIS her houſhold buſineſs plies,
To chear the reapers parch'd with ſultry ſkies.
Purſuing thee in ſcorching ſuns I run,
Enflam'd with love more ſcorching than the
ſun;
The chirping graſhopper is faint with heat,
And his hoarſe ſtrains the ecchoing woods re-
peat.
Was it not far, far better to ſuſtain,
PASTORA's anger, and her proud diſdain?

Was

Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus eſſes.
O formoſe puer, nimium ne crede colori.
Alba liguſtra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.
Deſpectus tibi ſum, nec qui ſim quæris, Alexi:
Quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans.
Mille meæ ſiculis errant in montibus agnæ:
Lac mihi non æſtate, novum non frigore deſit.
Canto, quæ ſolitus, ſi quando armenta vocabat,
Amphion Dircæus in Actæo Aracyntho.

Was it not better SYLVIA's ſcorn to bear?
Tho' SYLVIA's brown, tho' DELIA, thou art
fair.
Truſt not thy bloom too much, O beauteous
maid!
Thy bloom will wither, and thy charms will
fade.
The ſnow-clad lilly unregarded lies,
Whilſt the brown mulb'rry's luſcious fruit we
prize.
By thee I'm ſcorn'd, nor wilt thou deign to
hear
What cows I keep, how rich my fleecy care:
For me a thouſand lambs the mountains feed,
For me a num'rous herd adorns the mead.
Such lays I ſing, as SPENCER ſung of yore,
Who ſweetly tun'd his pipe on GRANTA's
ſhore.

Nec ſum adeo informis: nuper me in littore vidi
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret mare: non ego DAPHNIUM,
Indice te, metuam, ſi nunquam fallat imago.
O tantum libeat mecum tibi ſordida rura
Atque humiles habitare caſas, & figere cervos,
Hædorumque gregem viridi compellere hibiſco!
Mecum unà in SYLVIS imitabere PANA canendo.
PAN primus calamos cera conjungere plures
Inſtituit: PAN curat oves oviumque magiſtros.

Nec

Nor am I ſo deform'd; myſelf I view'd
In the clear mirrour of th' unruffled flood;
E'en partial you the judge, not DAPHNIS I
Would fear, unleſs the wat'ry image lye.
O would'ſt thou, DELIA, would'ſt thou come and dwell
In the mean country and the humble cell!
If rural ſports might pleaſe, the deer to chaſe,
To tend the flocks, and drive them to the graſs!
Or would'ſt thou joy to hear the tuneful ſtrains,
My notes ſhould emulate th' Arcadian ſwains:
Tho' PAN, 'tis fabled, tun'd their pipes of old,
PAN, who protects the ſhepherds, and the fold;
Each youth in ſinging ſhall ſubmit to me,
As ev'ry nymph in beauty yields to thee.

Nec te pæniteat calamo triviſſe labellum.
Hæc eadem ut ſciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas?
Eſt mihi diſparibus ſeptem compacta cicutis
Fiſtula, Damætas dono mihi quam dedit olim:
Et dixit moriens: Te nunc habet iſta ſecundum.
Dixit Damætas: invidit ſtultus Amyntas.
Præterea duo nec tuta mihi valle reperti
Capreoli, ſparſis etiam nunc pellibus albo,
Bina die ſiccant ovis ubera: quos tibi ſervo.
Jampridem a me illos abducere Theſtylis orat:
Et faciet: quoniam ſordent tibi munera noſtra.
Huc ades, O formoſe puer. Tibi lillia plenis

Ecce

Nor ſcorn my lays, what wou'dn't AMYNTAS do,
Such ſkill as mine, ſuch ſtrains as mine to know?
A flute I have, which with his dying breath
To me DAMÆTAS lately did bequeath;
And ſaid, this, THYRSIS, this to you I give,
Which only you are worthy to receive.
The fool AMYNTAS envy'd at ſuch fame,
From one who knew, or to commend or blame.
Beſides two little kids I found one morn,
Bright ermin ſpots their beauteous ſkins adorn,
And twice a day they ſuck my bagging ewe,
This lovely pair I, DELIA, keep for you.
This lovely pair would THESTYLIS obtain,
And ſo ſhe ſhall, ſince you my gifts diſdain.

O, come

Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis: tibi candida naïs
Pellentes violas & ſumma papavera carpens,
Narciſſum & florem jungit bene olentis anethi.
Tum caſſia, atque aliis intexens ſuavibus herbis,
Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia caltha.
Ipſe ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala,
Caſtaneaſque nuces, me quas AMARYLLIS amabat.
Addam cerea pruna: & honos erit huic quoque pomo:
Et vos, O lauri, carpam, & te, proxima myrte,
Sic poſitæ quoniam ſuaves miſcetis odores.
Ruſticus es, CORYDON: nec munera curat ALEXIS:

Nec

O, come my charming maid, O come, and ſee
What various flow'rs the ſwains prepare for thee;
For thee, behold, white lillies grace the meads,
For thee carnations rear their painted heads,
For thee the tulip's variegated hue,
The ſweet Narciſſus, and the vi'lets blue:
The ſlender jeſſ'mine, and the bluſhing roſe,
A fragrant noſe-gay ſhall for thee compoſe.
Cheſnuts I'll gather, and the downy peach,
Such fruits as my PASTORA lov'd, I'll reach;
From yonder trees I'll pluck the yellow plum,
To pleaſe thy taſte, if yet thou'lt deign to come;
To form a chaplet for thy brow I'll bind
Myrtles ſweet-ſmelling with the lawrel join'd.
Yes, THYRSIS, yes, thou art a homely ſwain;
And all thy gifts, and all thy vows are vain,

Nec ſi muneribus certes, concedat IOLAS.
Eheu, quid volui miſero mihi? floribus auſtrum
Perditus, & liquidis immiſi fontibus apros.
Quem fugis, ah! demens? habitarunt dii quoque ſylvas,
Dardaniuſque Paris. Pallas quas condidit arces,
Ipſa colat: nobis placeant ante omnia ſylvæ.
Torva leæna lupum ſequitur, lupus ipſe capellam:
Florentem cytiſum ſequitur laſciva capella:
Te CORYDON, ò ALEXI: trahit ſua quemque voluptas.

Aſpice:

Theſe DELIA ſlights; ſhould'ſt thou with
preſents ſtrive,
Thy richer rival STREPHON moſt can give.
Ah, luckleſs me, that youth why did I name,
To blaſt each pleaſing hope my love could
frame?
Why, thoughtleſs wretch, admit the daſhing
ſhow'rs
To ſpoil the promiſe of my ſpringing flow'rs?
Whom doſt thou fly, ah! lovely, witleſs
maid?
The gods themſelves oft haunt the ſylvan ſhade.
Let thoſe who like the ſmoaking towns poſſeſs,
Me rural ſcenes with humbler pleaſures bleſs.
The ſtern, grim lioneſs the wolf devours,
The wolf the goat, the wanton goat the flow'rs;
Thou, DELIA, thou art THYRSIS' noble game,
A diff'rent pleaſure each, a diff'rent aim.

Aſpice: aratra jugo referunt ſuſpenſa juvenci,
Et ſol creſcentes decedens duplicat umbras.
Me tamen urit amor: quis enim modus adſit amori?
Ah, CORYDON, CORYDON, quæ te dementia cepit?
Semiputata tibi frondoſa vitis in ulmo eſt.
Quin tu aliquid ſaltem potius, quorum indiget uſus,
Viminibuſque mollique paras detexere junco?
Invenies alium, ſi te hic faſtidit, ALEXIM.

See, from the fields the unyok'd ſteers re-
turn,
The ſun declines, and yet with love I burn:
All day, all night its reſtleſs pow'r I prove,
Is there no meaſure, and no bounds in love?
Ah! THYRSIS, ah! what rage has ſeiz'd thy
brain?
Thy vines neglected, and untill'd thy plain.
Let uſeful buſ'neſs rather claim thy care,
Thou'lt find another, leſs diſdainful fair.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 14. Line 8. for *Aſſylum* read *Aſylum*. p. 54. l. 9. for *ictam* r. *ictum*. p. 55. l. 6. for *Mareatis* r. *Mareotis*. p. 56. for *ales* r. *alis*. l. 3. for *tranent* r. *tranant*. p. 60. l. 3. for *piccamque* r. *piceamque*. p. 66. l. 4. for *plaſu* r. *plauſu*. l. ult. for *maſto* r. *mæſto*. p. 68. l. 8. for *briarens* r. *Briareus*. p. 72. l. 10. for *mercatur* r. *mereatur*. p. 83. l. 5. for *refeſh* r. *refreſh*. p. 86. l. 2. for *Daphnium* r. *Daphnim*. l. 3. for *Indice* r. *Judice*. p. 90. l. 2. for *pellentes* r. *pallentes*. l. 7. for *me* r. *mea*. p. 94. l. 4. for *que* r. *quæ*.